

THE CLARION.

They Come No More.

A mother sat by her cottage tree,
Where the murmuring brook ran clear and free,
The birds sang sweetly in the air,
And the sun shined bright from their loved retreat.

The soft wind kisses the golden grain,
The bright flowers smile o'er the verdant plain,
The fragrance floats through the balmy air,
The sun shines bright and the skies are fair.

The moon shines forth with her river light,
And the stars beam out still ever bright,
The seasons come with their richest store,
But the one she loved—he comes no more.

The widow still sits by her cottage tree,
And her babe lies slumbering on her knee,
Her faint voice breathes in its music low,
But the sad sweet strains are the notes of woe.

Sleep on, sweet child; I live for thee,
Thy bright face, thy looks I see,
Thy cheering smile this heart restore,
For thy father, dear, will come no more.

Death her sheltering tree through each long day,
The mother sings in her pensive lay,
The summer smiles o'er the trellised door,
But the one she loved—he comes no more.

For many a once bright cottage home,
Heard the sigh and the widow's moan,
The sun has come and the war is o'er,
But the ones we loved—they come no more.

The Wall Street Millionaires.

A New York Journal reporter caught a fleeting glance of the Wall Street panorama as he leaned over the side of a well-known broker's office on Broadway. Around it day by day clustered the powers whose influence is felt throughout the world of finance. Here congregated the big men of the street, at whose bidding a pulse of a nation beats in prosper or flutters in ruin.

That little man with a pale, thin face, dark eyes and large head, who looks about him as he walks with a nervous step, who restlessly twists a piece of paper in his small, womanish hand and who is always silent, is Mr. Gould. His fortune is estimated at \$27,000,000, but to look at him might readily be mistaken for a land call broker.

There is the Honorable Russell Sage, sitting back in his easy-chair at a round table covered with letters and papers. He much resembles John G. Bennett, and has a domestic, home-like look. He has a mild blue eye, high forehead and a firm set mouth. His ruling passion is money and success. His manner is most engaging, and his kindly face lights up in busy care as he discusses the affairs of his respective houses. His wealth is estimated at \$50,000,000, a rather portion in ready cash.

That gentleman with fur-lined overcoat and long hair, sharp features and a fine nose, and an eye like a hawk, is Cyrus Field. He talks quickly and nervously and has an impulsive manner. He opens the door leading to his office with a rush as though he wanted to take the knob off. He is eloquent, and is credited with saying too much. Withal they say heart is in the right place. His wealth is put at \$10,000,000.

That gentleman there, an American, is Mr. Sidney Dillon. He has an iron face, a mouth of steel, and a terrible will-power in the lines of his countenance. His figure is a Goliath of physical strength. His hair is as white as snow, and he wears a little side whisker. His large head is always protected by a black silk hat. He is serious and active, and talks with ease. His wealth is placed at \$10,000,000.

One Navarro inspects the ticker laughs with his friends over it. He is the current gossip of the day in the rounds. He is jolly, gray-haired, and prefers to talk of real estate and the effect of the uptown movement on French flats. His property and bank accounts are set down at \$5,000,000.

That gentleman with a small mouth, eyes, chin whiskers and no mustache, who walks slowly and contentedly, is Mr. George Pullman. He is ever in a hurry. His pleasant smile shows that he is at peace with the world and his stately figure suggests with comfort the multiplied miles of his vast railroad car empire. He is a good family man, devoted to his wife and children; and is very considerate of even the small boy. He is reputed to be worth \$50,000,000.

B. Houston, sauntering along, is a young-looking man for the age he holds in the financial world. His dress is perfection, and his blonde imperial and mustache give him a military air. He is good-natured, and is always on the sunny side of the market with Pacific Mail, and at all times. His personal wealth is set down at \$5,000,000.

That gentleman there with the appearance of a stately Indian, is Vice-President Galloway, of elevated rank. He is a handsome man in every sense of the word. His hair is coal black, his dark eye and nose towering. His face beams with nature and his universal popularity is well deserved. His net worth is estimated at \$5,000,000.

That Fallstaffian form coming in

there slowly is Isidore Wormser, genial, good-natured and solid. He is always smoking, and keen eyes look searchingly out from beneath a pair of gold spectacles. His wealth is set down at \$15,000,000.

There comes President Hart, of the Third Avenue surface railroad. He is a little thick man with an active manner, who hides himself away beneath a cape-overcoat and a white sugar-loaf hat. His money, stocks, bonds and property foot up \$5,000,000.

That gentleman there with dark hair, mustache and imperial, with a possessed manner, a keen eye and a slight stoop in his shoulders, is Mr. Horace Potter, the best after-dinner speaker in Wall Street, witty, brilliant and popular. His bank account and property are entered at \$2,000,000.

Here we have in all an aggregate wealth of eleven gentlemen footing up \$200,000,000. Have our readers ever stopped to think what this wealth will buy?

It would build twenty Brooklyn bridges at ten millions each. It would build twenty-one N. York postoffices. It would pay the Presidents' salary for 4,000 years. It would pay for four billion shines at five cents each. It would pay for five million suits at \$40 a suit. It would build 400 ocean steamships at half a million dollars each. It would pay for 400,000 meals at fifty cents each. It would give every man, woman and child in the United States eight meals each. It would build fourteen capitols at Albany. It would buy every ship in the United States navy. It would locate 400,000 families on Western farm lands and give them a start.

PASTIME.

Why is a pig like a tree—Both thrive by their root.

A bridge no man can cross—the bridge of his nose.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

The uses of adversity may be sweet, but we prefer a little of the bitterness of prosperity in ours.

A writer in Harper's commences a poem with the line, "Some day I shall be dead." It is indeed a beautiful thought.

A little fellow, who had never eaten frosted cake, asked at the table for a piece of that "cake with plastering on it."

What is the difference between the sun and a bootblack? The sun shines for nothing, but the bootblack shines for five cents.

There is this difference between a newspaper and a farmer. The former teams with items and the latter teams with oxen.

"Marriage may be a risk," said the young and giddy Mrs. Flyabout, "but I think it's better to live Miss-taken than to die an old maid."

A bald-headed man, who had heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not a place where he can obtain the back numbers.

"Your husband is a staid man now, is he not?" asked a former schoolmate of her friend who had married a man rather noted for his fast habits, "I think so," was the reply, "he stayed out all last night."

The Bad Boy and His Pa.

Said the bad boy to the grocery man: "I think when a man is in trouble, if he has a little boy to take him from his troubles, and get him mad at something else it rests him. Last night we had hot maple syrup and biscuit for supper, and pa had a saucer full just in front of him, just a steaming. I could see he was thinking too much about his mining stock, and I thought if there was anything I could do to take his mind off of it, and place it on something else, I would be doing a kindness that would be appreciated. I sat on the right of pa, and when he wasn't looking I pulled the table cloth so the saucer of red hot maple syrup dropped off in his lap. Well, you'd a died to see how quick his thoughts turned from his financial troubles to his physical misfortunes. There was about a pint of hot syrup and it went all over his lap, and you know how hot melted sugar is, and how it clings to anything. Pa jumped up and grabbed hold of his pants legs to pull them away from himself, and how he danced around and told pa to turn the hose on him, and then he took and poured a pitcher of ice water down his pants, and he said the condemned old table was getting so rickety that a saucer wouldn't stay on it, and I told pa if he would put some tar on his legs, the same kind that he told me to put on my lip to make my mustache grow, the syrup wouldn't burn so, and then he cuffed me, and I think he felt better. It's a great thing to get a man's mind off of his troubles, but where a man hasn't got any mind like you, for instance—"

At this point the grocery man picked up a fire poker, and the boy went out in a hurry and hung up a sign in front of the grocery, "Cash paid for fat Dogs."—Peck's Sun.

Life's Real Meaning.

New York Tribune, April 2.]

A startling feature of the month just closed was the number of suicides which occurred in it throughout this country, including men and women of all ages and conditions, from the starving old scholar of 80 to the overworked school-boy who gave up the fight at 16. A physician in Philadelphia has just published a monograph on suicide with statistics concerning its extent and characteristics in that city during the decade ending in 1881. From it we find that of the 12,936 cases of death requiring a Coroner's inquest in that time, 636 were suicides, and that the proportion borne to the population was from .47 to 1.07 per cent. It is difficult to make any just estimate of the causes which led to self-murder. Two facts, however, are proved by the statistics referred to: that suicide in this country is almost exclusively confined to the classes which have received some degree of cultivation; and that, like disease, it bears a fixed and marked proportion to different ages. Thus, of the 636 cases just cited, twenty-four, occurred between the ages of 15 and 20; from the ages of 20 to 30 the number leaped to 110; during the next ten it increased to 149; after that age the decrease was abrupt as the increase, ending at three between the 80 and 90, when one would suppose all appetizing flavor would have faded out of life, and out of the vast horde of the decrepit and unsuccessful crowding close to the boisterous gates of death many would be tempted to push them ajar.

Another fact hints suggestively at the cause of suicide; which is, that this crime is more common among the French and Americans than among any other nations, while in this country it is more frequent among men than women, and among whites than the colored races. In other words, the man whose ambition and imagination have been stimulated by the chance set before him in life, and whose nervous temperament is least able to bear the disappointment of this ambition, is most likely to commit self-murder. The colored races here, and the natives of the countries in Europe where ranks and grades are fixed and inflexible, have little to hope for, and are therefore unlikely to make risky ventures which end in despair. The age at which suicide usually occurs here also proves this to be the principal cause. From 20 to 40 every American of average intellect is hotly engaged in the race towards some high goal, either of fame or fortune or colossal achievement. He never limits himself to a moderate success. The great prizes are open to every man; why should he not be the one to win them? At 50 he knows his mistake and measures himself more justly. Disappointment has taught him self-control. He is not likely to put a pistol to his head at that age, even if he recognizes the fact that he will always be a poor man, or insignificant or unloved in his home. Again the classes to whom this kind of philosophic self-control is taught in youth are not found among the list of self-murderers. Who ever heard of a Quaker suicide? The Quaker's religion is no more powerful or deterrent against ill-doing than that of other men. But his imagination has been held in check; he has been taught from babyhood to set his ambitions low, to harden his moral skin against all wounds. Women, too, while deficient in the courage of braving ill, are greatly superior to men in the courage of enduring it. Their domestic affections also are keener and more selfish, and they are more likely to remember the added weight of horror and grief which they let fall on those who are left when they creep cowardly into the grave to hide from pain.

This readiness of Americans to leap to the dark beyond is the symptom of some national weakness of character, and if we go to the bottom of the matter we shall find that to be the universal and increasing habit of pursuing the material things of life as the object of our existence instead of a happy life itself. We call the man successful who has gained notoriety or a million or two, or a nomination for President. These are goals we set before our boys from their birth. Who notices the man who knows how to love, to make the most of his little chances, of his days and hours, so as thoroughly to use and enjoy them? Leaving the duties and comforts and joys of the Christian faith out of the question for the time, it is undisputed that the successful man is the satisfied and contented one. The owner of \$100,000,000 or a brilliant reputation may be satisfied, or he may not be; but the man whose tastes are clean and simple, who has been taught to take a pleasure in his friends, in nature, in music and in books, whose temper is under control, and who, above all, has a capacity for steady hard work and a conscientious delight in doing it, must be satisfied and contented. He is "successful," though he ends his days a poor mechanic. He wears coarse clothes, he carries his tools to the last, yet he has learned how to live, to press out of each moment as it goes the best wine for himself and others. No defeat of circumstance will ever drive him to the pistol or the rope. We Americans are known as morbid, money-getting and pretentious in our aims, yet we have the richest heritage in the world to leave our children, if we would teach them the meaning of life and the real meaning of success, no people ever born would be qualified to do a noble work so nobly.

Bright's Disease.

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There is not in nature
A thing that makes men so deformed, so
As doth intemperate anger.
—John Webster.

Mr. J. C. CLAYTON, Summit, says: "Two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters completely and thoroughly cured me of general debility."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Put this restriction on your pleasures; Be cautious that they injure no being which has life.—Zimmerman.

Too great refinement is false delicacy, and true delicacy is solid refinement.—Rochefoucauld.

Bad taste is a species of bad morals.—Bovee.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of mankind.—Sir Philip Sidney.

As every thread of gold is valuable so is every minute of time.—Rev. John Mason.

A room with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.—Henry Giles.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet miserable.—Landor.

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.—Rousseau.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.—Goethe.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human; the latter is divine.—Hosea Ballou.

In this wild world, the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.
—Crabbe.

Let them obey that know how to rule.
—Shakespeare.

The man who pauses on his honesty
Wants little of the villain.—Marty.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—Samuel Johnson.

The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow: He who would search for pearls must dive below.—Addison.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence is, not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.—Tulley.

Overwork.

We continually hear a good deal about men being overworked. Professional men and public officers seem especially to suffer from this affliction, and a great deal of sympathy is bestowed upon them, especially upon the professional men. The clergy are made much of when they are overworked. Then the congregation raises a handsome sum and sends the poor, overworked man off to Europe to amuse himself, and he amuses himself very much indeed. We know a good deal about work—honest, square, steady, effective work; but about overwork we have a great deal of doubt. Generally speaking, when a man is said to be overworked, the truth is that he has been guilty of some excess which breaks down his strength. There may be cases in which there is an excess of work, but of these cases there are very few indeed. The excess is in eating, in drinking, in neglect of exercise, or in some other mysterious way. A man of ordinary health can stand all the real work that he has to do, but the additional strain which he puts upon himself outside of work is more than he can bear. There is no delusion, more frequent or more absurd, than this delusion of overwork. There is always excess in the case, no doubt, but not an excess of labor. It is an excess of some other kind.—N. Y. Sun.

What a Mattress Contained.

A Paris paper tells a story of an eccentric man who put a clause in his will that the funeral should take place at 6 o'clock in the morning, and that his property, an old mattress, should be left to those who followed the hearse to the graveyard. As there was nothing in the will to attract many mourners, the funeral procession was limited to the driver of the hearse and a young neighbor of the deceased. He got the mattress and found in it \$40,000.

Ask your Druggist for Shiner's Indian Vermifuge, and if he fails to supply you, address the Proprietor, David E. Foutz, Baltimore, Md.

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